

*The Historie of*

*Prince* Come hither, *Frances*. *Frances* My lord.  
*Prince* How long hast thou to serue, *Frances*?  
*Frances* Forsooth five yeeres, and as much as to  
*Poines* *Frances*.  
*Frances* Anone, anone sir.  
*Prince* Five yeeres, berlady a long lease for the clincking of  
pewter; But *Frances*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the co-  
ward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and  
runne from it,  
*Frances* O lord sir, ile be sworne vpon all the books in Eng-  
land. I could finde in my heart  
*Poines* *Frances*. *Frances* Anone sir.  
*Prince* How olde arte thou, *Frances*?  
*Frances* Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shal be  
*Poines* *Frances*.  
*Frances* Anone sir, pray you stay a little my lord.  
*Prince* Nay but hearke you *Frances*, for the sugar thou gauest  
me, 'twas a penyworth, wast not?  
*Frances* O lord, I would it had bin two.  
*Prince* I will giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske mee  
when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.  
*Poines* *Frances* *Frances* Anone, anone.  
*Prince* Anone *Frances*? No *Frances*, but to morrow *Frances*:  
or *Frances*, on thurseday: or indeede *Frances*, when thou wilt:  
But *Frances*.  
*Frances* My lord.  
*Prince* Wilt thou robbe this leatherne jerkin, cristall button,  
not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, caddice garter, smoothe  
tongue, Spanish powch?  
*Frances* O lord sir, who doe you meane?  
*Prince* Why then your browne bastard is your onely drinke  
for looke you *Frances*, your white canuasse doublet will sulley.  
In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.  
*Frances* What sir? *Poines* *Frances*.  
*Prince* Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?  
*Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing*  
*which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*  
*Vint.* What, standst thou still, and hearst such a calling? looke

*Henry the fourth.*

to the ghests within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with  
more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?  
*Prin.* Let them alone a while, and then open the  
*Poines.* Anon, Anon sir. *Enter*  
*Prince.* Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the the-  
doore, shall we be merry?  
*Poi.* As merry as Crickets, my lad, but harkey  
ning match haue you made with this iest of the D  
what's the issue?  
*Prince.* I am now of all humors, that haue shew  
humors, since the olde dayes of goodman Adam.  
age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. W  
*Frances*?  
*Fran.* Anon, anon sir.  
*Prin.* That euer this fellow should haue fewer v  
Parrat, and yet the sonne of a woman. His industri  
and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a fee  
not yet of Percies minde, the Hotspur of the Nort  
me some fixe or seauen douzen of Scots at a break  
his handes, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet  
worke. O my sweet Harry, saies she! how many h  
to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes h  
fwers, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a triff  
call in Falstaffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde  
play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Riue*, saies the drum  
Ribs, call in Tallow.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Poines.* Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?  
*Falst.* A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengear  
ry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke boy. Ere I  
long, ile sowe neatherstockes, and mend them, and  
too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sac  
there no vertue extant? *be drinke*  
*Prince.* Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish o  
tifull harted Titan that melted at the sweete tale of  
thou didst, then behold that compound.